

## Love and Lilacs

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## Love and Lilacs

Flowers wouldn't have been Daichi's first choice for a birthday present, especially for his mom, but Tanaka and Noya insisted that all women love them. He wondered if listening to them about anything concerning women was a good idea, but he was desperate. His mother's birthday was today and he hadn't bought anything yet.

What flowers should he get? Roses; aren't those for girlfriends? Maybe sunflowers, but those are kind of big? What other flowers even are there? Daichi was not a botanist and had no girlfriend to bring flowers on a regular basis, so he was at a loss.

He reached the storefront of the Karasuno Flower Shop, the same shop he passed everyday on the way home from school. The familiar scent filled his nose and he moved forward, but stopped suddenly. Wasn't this kind of an embarrassing place to be caught alone? He hoped he wouldn't run into anyone from school.

He swallowed his pride and went through the sliding doors. The first thing he noticed was how many colors filled the shop. There were so many different kinds of flowers and things that didn't look like plants at all. He was pretty sure he saw small trees as well. He couldn't give one of those to his mom, could he?

He popped the collar to his jacket and shrunk himself down as much as he could. Hopefully, he could grab the first flower he saw and leave. He didn't want to be in here any longer than he had to be. He wobbled forward to the closest display, reading the names of the flowers and not recognizing one of them. They looked like roses, but they were be- begones?

"Begonias."

Daichi shot up straight and turned to the voice that sounded behind him. His face contorted in embarrassment as he took in the boy behind him. Gray hair swooped over large brown eyes which closed invitingly, leading to a mole and followed by a wide smile. Daichi gripped the strap of his backpack and stepped to the side as the boy moved forwards. This guy was \_gorgeous\_. "W-what?"

"Those flowers are begonias. Are you looking for something like roses?" The boy reached down and picked up a pot, "They're cheaper than roses, but just as pretty in my opinion. For a girlfriend, maybe?" He turned his smile in Daichi's direction and Daichi froze up further.

"No! Uh, no, I definitely don't have a girlfriend." Daichi attempted to smile back, but found he couldn't look the boy in the eye. However, he was able to look up when he heard a light laugh in front of him.

As if that guy's smile could get any brighter, "I find that hard to believe! Well, if it isn't for the girlfriend, it's for the mother." Was he flirting!? "Did you have something particular in mind?" The boy touched the petals of the flower before setting the pot down.

Daichi cleared his throat and stuffed his hands into his pockets, "No, I don't know much about this sort of stuff, you know, cause I'm not a gi-" He stopped himself quickly and looked away again. He didn't mean to say that! What if he insulted him?! "I'm sorry!"

The same laugh sounded again, "It's fine. It wouldn't be the first time I'd heard that." The boy placed his hands on his hips, "So do you know her favorite color?" Daichi forced himself to make eye contact again and the boy at least didn't \_look \_angry.

"Well, she wears yellow a lot." Daichi tried to pull himself together. If being nervous meant being rude, he'd have to calm down quick. This guy seemed to know what he was talking about and he didn't look like he was embarrassed. He tried to convince himself that there wasn't anything to be nervous about.

He was just so \_cute\_, "Daffodils would work. She'll like those, trust me." The boy wandered across the store, as if he knew exactly where this specific flower would be. It occurred to Daichi that he did and that maybe he should follow him.

Daichi jogged up to bridge the gap and followed dutifully through the elaborate maze of flowers. He was surprised by the amount and variety, having only been able to think up two kinds of flowers before he got here. Yet, he kept finding his attention drifting back to the boy in front of him. He looked like he belonged in here, like he was a part of the flowers. He was bright like the sunlight the flowers thrived off of.

"What's your name?" Daichi found the courage to ask, and the boy looked back, not needing to stop as his feet followed an automatic path. Daichi felt his face heat up at the other boy's gaze, but again felt no judgement.

"Sugawara Koushi." The boy looked back forward and Daichi took the opportunity to smile to himself, though he almost ran into Sugawara when he abruptly stopped. They were in front of some sunshine colored flowers that he assumed were the daffodils. "And your's? If you don't mind me asking."

"Oh, uh, Sawamura Daichi." He'd forgotten to share his own name, as he was still thinking about the other's. He really needed to calm down, "Are these the flowers you mentioned?" They were nice looking; they towered bright in their display.

"Yes. I think an arrangement of these would work just fine." Sugawara began picking out daffodils very deliberately, "Can you hold these?" The boy began handing off each flower to Daichi, until a large amount was stacked in front of his face.

"How much is this going to cost?" Daichi asked, attempting to peek around the flowers. Suddenly, he saw transparent purple paper wrap around the flowers, pale hands guiding the wrapping, followed by white ribbon. The flowers were then removed from his hands and he realized how close Sugawara was. His face reddened and he stepped back, hoping to add a little space.

"Can you put a price on your mother's happiness? I didn't take you for the cold type, Sawamura-san." Sugawara frowned and began to walk back to the front of the store. Daichi blanched at this comment, gripping the flowers and hurrying to the boy's side.

"That's not what I meant." He blurted out, but was stopped by Sugawara's laughter.

"I was kidding! You look like a very nice guy, but you need to relax a bit." Daichi felt like he was being teased at this point, thinking it was easy for a florist to relax. He couldn't think of a more laidback job. For a brief moment, he felt like if he knew anything about flowers, he might enjoy that kind of work.

Sugawara went behind the front desk and began typing on the cash register, "That'll be 1800 yen." Daichi dug around in his pocket and pulled out his wallet, shuffling his bouquet under his arm in order to get out his money, "Or I can make it 900, if you promise to come back."

Daichi's back straightened and he dropped his wallet, thrusting the flowers in front of his face so that Sugawara couldn't see his expression. He bent down quickly and grabbed his wallet. Slapping 1800 yen onto the counter, Daichi turned on his heel and rushed to the exit.

He disappeared out the doors, kicking up dust with the speed at which he ran away. After running near a mile, he bent over and gripped his chest. Not that the running helped, but his heart was racing. He closed his eyes and he could still see that smile. He'd have to never go back there, at the risk of making a fool of himself again.

\* \* \*

><p>Daichi thought that he was probably an idiot, or a masochist at the least to be back here. It'd taken him a week to get up the

courage to return to the flower shop, but he already regretted it. Sugawara probably wouldn't even remember him; tons of confused guys probably wandered in and out of the store everyday. What would make Daichi any different, aside from acting like he was about to pee his pants the whole time? Sugawara wouldn't even remember him and he had no reason for being here.<p>

Then again, as Sugawara came into view, he thought maybe it wasn't so bad of an idea. The boy, as stunning as ever, bent to water the flowers in front of him, pouring measured amounts into each pot. Daichi watched as the boy put down the watering can and started stroking the petals like he had yesterday. Tenderly, as to not damage the plant, but also as though he was trying to comfort it. Was it possible to be jealous of flowers?

As Daichi stood up a little straighter, the automatic doors suddenly opened. To Daichi, it felt like the sound was deafening, shouting out specifically to Sugawara, 'Hey, i've been watching you for 10 minutes straight and now its obvious how whipped I am.' Daichi's face lit up red as he rushed to make it look like he was just walking into the store. Sugawara turned just at that moment, flower pot in hand, and Daichi sent a silent thank you to the gods.

Sugawara sighed with relief, "Thank goodness." Not exactly what Daichi was expecting. At least he seemed to recognize him. He cocked his head to the side in confusion and Sugawara looked him in the eye, "I thought you weren't coming back! I'm sorry if what I said the other day was inappropriate. I really am sorry." Sugawara bowed, causing Daichi's face to heat up further.

"No! No there's no need to apologize! I was the rude one; I should have said what I was thinking. I was planning on coming back anyway." He scrambled to find the words, but it seemed to be enough, as the boy straightened up and went back to his usual smile.

"I'm relieved to hear that." Sugawara placed down the purplish flowers he was holding and wiped his hands off on his apron, "Did your mother like the flowers?"

Daichi had entirely forgot about his mother's reaction until now, "Oh, yeah, she said those were her favorite kind." He wondered how Sugawara could be so accurate, but just chalked it up to it being his job to know those sorts of things.

"That's great! The colors people like say a lot about them. Yellow and daffodils just go hand in hand." Sugawara said this with no wavering of embarrassment and Daichi wondered how that was possible, seeing as he felt a bit flustered just by hearing those words, "So is there a particular reason you came back today?"

Daichi wanted to blurt out the obvious 'no', but he didn't want to seem so desperate as to come back with no excuse, "Uh, my aunt's birthday is todayâ€|" He cursed himself for coming up with such a lame story.

"Oh, is that on your mother's side or your father's?" Again, no judgement could be found. Daichi wanted to say 'It doesn't matter. I just came to see you.', but that was hardly possible at this point.

"Uh, my mom's." He said this and wondered why something like that would matter; then again, it was probably just another florist thing.

"Favorite color?"

"Red." Daichi figured there was no way Sugawara would know he was making things up.

The boy put a finger to his chin in thought, then tapped it when he came to a conclusion, "Tulips. Definitely tulips." Sugawara began to wander away and Daichi followed, questioning again how anyone could just guess someone's favorite anything, let alone flower, without even meeting them.

"How do you know what flower someone likes?" Daichi felt like there could be a million explanations, ranging from 'All florists know that' to 'I'm a superhero and that's one of my many powers, along with being adorable'.

"Well, like I said, a person's favorite color tells you pretty much all you need to know, but then I also know their birthday." Sugawara spoke while looking through the displays of flowers that lined the building, "In the end, I guess it's intuition." He stopped in front of the tulips and began picking them out like last time.

Daichi figured that was what it would boil down to; no one could know for sure unless they were magic. Though, he would believe Sugawara if he had said that's what method he employed. The boy looked no less than a forest spirit, like someone who neither knew nor cared about anything outside of his plants. Once more, Daichi found himself becoming jealous.

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><p>There he was the next day, standing at the sliding doors, though this time he kept a good distance as to not trigger them again. His mom was surprised by the flowers, but said that her sister would like them much better and that he should stick to daffodils. He'd have to find some other reason to be here this time; his mother would start to get suspicious if he kept bringing home bouquets.<p>

He didn't have much more time to think about it, because this time Sugawara was starting for him. His heartbeat quickened and he stayed still as the boy approached. The doors opened and there he was, a grin plain on his face, "Hi." His greeting was simple, but it was enough to make Daichi panic as he hurried to think of an excuse.

"What flowers do you think I'd like?" He wondered if he could have come up with a more stupid question. Sugawara looked surprised; surely this time he would be skeptical about Daichi's intentions? However, instead of accusing him of stalking or harassment, Sugawara crossed his arms and looked deep in thought.

Daichi couldn't believe he was getting a legitimate answer, "Hmm, I usually don't have to guess for guys, but I think I can figure you out. Favorite color?"

"I don't really have one." He wondered if that was the case or if he

just couldn't think of it on the spot. Regardless, he hoped he wasn't making this overly difficult. Maybe he should have just picked any old colorâ€¦

Sugawara shook his head, "I suppose that says as much as any color would. What about your birthday?"

"December 31st." He knew that much at least.

"Oh, so right before New Year's? That's pretty special." Daichi couldn't make eye contact after that, "I think I know exactly what kind of flower would work for you." That quickly? Could you really tell so much about a person from two small details? Daichi felt slightly uncomfortable, thinking that people could read each other that easily.

Sugawara didn't have to go far this time, as the flowers he was looking for were right next to them. They were purple, which might have been his favorite color; he wasn't sure. They formed into an elongated cluster of small flowers and he had to admit they were appealing.

"They're lilacs." Sugawara reached out and pulled off a flower, handing it to Daichi, "I figured you'd like them. They're my favorite as well. They smell really nice." Daichi looked away as per usual when Sugawara started saying embarrassing stuff. He smelled the flower quickly and handed it back to the boy.

"Yeah, they smell pretty good." This was all he could manage to say as he watched Sugawara put the flower into his own shirt pocket.

"Do you want a bouquet?" Sugawara asked and Daichi figured he'd go broke if he kept coming to this place, "It's on the house, I mean, they're lots of lilacs here." Daichi looked to Sugawara to find him glancing away nervously. It was nice to not be the only one embarrassed.

He figured free was free and, despite her protests, his mom probably enjoyed the flowers, "Sure." Was all he could manage and the other boy looked hopeful, which was reason enough to give him some confidence, "So are we the same person if we both like lilacs?" It sounded stupid, but he figured it was his chance to find out if they had anything in common.

Sugawara laughed a little as he took out his scissors and started cutting off branches of flowers, "No, a lot of different people can like the same flowers. Though it can mean that you're compatible for each other, but like I said a lot of guys don't even know their favorite flowers-" He stopped mid sentence as a blush spread across his face, "N-Not that we're compatible! Er, not that we're not compatible! I mean, compatible has lots of different meanings, like how nasturtiums are compatible with roses or how sunflowers are compatible with pumpkins!" Daichi watched as the other boy rambled nervously and he found himself becoming less anxious by the second.

"Yeah, I know what you're trying to say." Daichi hoped that would be comforting enough and tried to think of something to distract Sugawara, "What wrapping paper are you gonna use? Is there a science behind that?"

Sugawara sighed a breath of relief and shifted the bunch of flowers into Daichi's arms, "That's just personal preference," He walked over to the desk and pulled out a roll, "And I'm thinking blue." He unraveled the transparent paper to the right length and tore it.

Daichi handed off the flowers and watched Sugawara deftly wrap and tie the bunch, "So it's really okay for you to just give me these? Will your boss get mad?" Daichi asked, admiring the bouquet and the hands that held it.

"No, I'm basically the owner." Sugawara responded easily, but Daichi was shocked.

"Really?! You're about my age right? 17? And you own your own store?" Daichi marveled at the fact, seeing as all he did was maintain a C+ average and play volleyball.

Sugawara smiled and handed over the bouquet, "Well, my grandfather technically owns it, but he's too old to run it. I always loved plants, so I had no problem taking things over." He placed his hands on the desk, "You're right though, I'm 17."

"Intuition, I guess."

Sugawara grinned, "Don't copy me." Daichi couldn't help but smile back at the look on Sugawara's face. He thought how this guy must have no idea how cute he was.

Daichi grinned and turned around, walking speedily to the exit, "Don't copy me!" He attempted to mimic Sugawara's voice, prompting a 'Shut up!' from behind him. He left the store and hardly got a block away before he had to lean up against the nearest building, clasp his hand over his mouth and try to get this stupid smile off his face.

He looked at the bouquet and thought that lilacs had to be the most beautiful flower on the planet. They were compatible. He reeled over everything that had just happened; how cute Sugawara was when he was nervous, how responsible he must be to run a store by himself, and how much he genuinely loved his work.

He was so enamoured that he almost didn't notice the little note that clung to the small purple flowers.

Call me. 03-345-1279

As if fire suddenly appeared underneath him, Daichi rushed back to the store as fast as his feet could carry him. He beat the front door's sensor, instead moving the door out of the way like some horror movie monster as he barreled through.

Sugawara leaped in shock as Daichi hurdled through the store and up to the counter. He stood back, sure he was about to get an ear-full about how disgusting and inappropriate his note had been, "I-I'm sorry! I should have taken the hint before; you don't need to call me or ever come back here again! I'm-"

Before he could finish speaking, Daichi thrust the lilacs into

Sugawara's face. He huffed in an attempt to catch his breath and wiped his forehead with his free arm.

"Do you-" He tried to steady his voice as he looked up through the flowers, "Are these a good arrangement for a first date?"

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><p>Notes:<p>

\*Don't call that number cause I dont know wtf you're gonna get

\*I got the idea for this off of kaginata's post on tumblr  
post/95402266336/haikyuu-au-daisuga-florist-au-sawamura  
>It was so cute I had to write something<p>

\*It was 4 in the morning when I wrote this so forgive me haha

End  
file.